

# the omen



Ralph Hexter became a fan  
OF MY Vision is Better thAn YOUR  
Vision LOL!!!!1

About an hour ago • Comment • Like



the Board of Trustees likes this.



Hampshire students OMG WTF

20 minutes ago



Hampshire Faculty STFU

16 minutes ago



Hampshire staff don't fire us  
plz? Kthnx.

4 minutes ago

# Table of Contents

*For the third issue in the 33rd Volume of the Omen on May the first in the Year of our Lord 2009.*

## Section Hate

Fuck You	4
<i>David Herr</i>	
No, Fuck You	4
<i>Evan Silberman</i>	
Twenty Dollars and a College	4
<i>David Axel Kurtz</i>	
Fuck You Too	4
<i>Evan Silberman</i>	

## Section Speak

A Model for Student Governance at Hampshire	5
<i>Ella Wind</i>	

## Section Lies

womanandpoetclosereadingfuck.doc	8
<i>Cassandra de Alba</i>	
Why Spam Matters	9
<i>Maggie Cobb</i>	
The Physicist's Polar Bear	11
<i>Rachel Ithen</i>	
Rats!	12
<i>Kristian Brevik</i>	
Generic Omen Article	14
<i>Jordan Persson</i>	
Things I've Learned...	14
<i>Rachel Ithen</i>	

## Layout & Editing STAFF

Evan Silberman *Tears of his enemies*

>>omen.hampshire.edu

# To Submit:

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, zergling, or email. Email your submissions to [submittotheomen@gmail.com](mailto:submittotheomen@gmail.com), or mail them to box 1394.

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“Quote”  
—Victim

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Front cover:  
Molly McLeod  
Back cover:  
Omen staff

# EDITORIAL

## Panic

by Evan Silberman

I have to write this editorial in about 20 minutes, so I can send this fucking thing to duplications before I leave for the Cognitive Science school meeting. Now, you can certainly fault our poor coordination, since really, it's not ideal to be working on the Omen the day before we want it to be available. The way the system is supposed to work, we get it done a week in advance, submit it to duplications, and then distribute it to various distribution points in a leisurely fashion.

Yeah, that generally doesn't happen.

Still, it's been a busy week for me. I went to my cousin's bat mitzvah over the weekend, and boy, it made me glad that I was no longer thirteen years old. Those kids were pretty goofy. I was better-dressed than they were. Also, apparently it's not cool for bar/bat mitzvah's to do the YMCA or the electric slide anymore. At least not in Connecticut. So much poppy dance music. Not too much hip hop, at least. Also, they had lamb chops as hors d'ourves. (I'm not going to spellcheck that.) Seriously, lamb chops! As finger food! They were delicious. I ate about five of them.

Also, we stayed in some sort of rustic lakeside cabin

forty-five minutes from anywhere, for some reason. It was pretty cold in there.

I'm basically just subjecting all you poor suckers to a stream-of-consciousness ramble at this point because the way the Omen is layed out obliges me to fill this space with an editorial. This happens a lot.

Lefton never was lacking in things to say, rabble-rousing opinionated long-haired goofball that he was. I'm not half the editor he is. His hair is curlier too.

Anyway, not going to bother with this anymore. Stay classy, Hampshire College. You're all beautiful inside.



## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited,

and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Friday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Fridays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

### *The Omen Haiku*

### **Views in the Omen (5)**

### **Do not necessarily (7)**

### **Reflect the staff's views (5)**

# SECTION HATE

## Fuck You by David Herr

If you're going to add a title to an untitled submission without even mentioning that the addition is editorial, you should at least make the title funny or relevant.

"Captain Grammar"? You people are daft. 

## No, Fuck You by Evan Silberman

The Omen reserves the right to retitle submissions to any damn thing it wants to, you insensitive clod. 

## Twenty Dollars and a College by David Axel Kurtz

Just now I received an eMail from Carol Trosset. She works in Institutional Development at Hampshire.

She told me that if, as a student, I filled out a short survey about my opinions of Hampshire College, I would get a \$20 gift certificate to Barnes and Noble.

The data, she said, would be analyzed by an outside firm.

There are around 1400 students at Hampshire. That's \$28,000 in gift certificates alone.

To say nothing of the cost of analyzing the survey. Which is likely much, much more.

To say nothing of the fact that we are hiring an outside firm to analyze this data - when we already spend nearly \$200,000 dollars a year to hire "professors" for Institutional Advancement, whose job is to do just that! And these are "professors" who quite often teach no classes at all.

So let me just say that I am sad that I am being offered

money just for giving my opinion about this college. THIS IS MY COLLEGE. It should be NECESSARY that I have an opinion about it, for I would be a damned bad Hampshire student if I didn't give thought to the education I was receiving, and the community around me. Moreover, it is my RESPONSIBILITY to give my opinion, for as an equal member of this community I have a DUTY to help make this community the best that it can be. And there is no such thing as a good community that is silent.

It is my great honor to try to improve this place. The fact that the only way the Administration knows to listen to student voices, is to pay for it, I think is just fucking sad.

In short: I'm sorry that the Administration felt the need to spend Hampshire's money on this. Because I would have rather done it for free. 

## Fuck You Too by Evan Silberman

Hey, I don't mind a free \$20 from this place. Take your gift certificate and buy *Infinite Jest* with it, loser. 

## MS. TINTO, TEAR DOWN THIS FENCE! —Ella Wind

# SECTION

# SPEAK

## A Model for Student Governance at Hampshire

### by Ella Wind

There is a growing discontent at Hampshire College. With talk of eliminating some distinctive aspects of the Hampshire pedagogy, rumors of popular student programs losing funding due to budget shortages, and outrage at a Governance Task Force with not enough student voices, the student body as a whole has a growing sense of helplessness when faced with a huge, seemingly out-of-touch administration. The institution of Hampshire College is moving in a new direction, but without searching out real input from those whom it should be the most responsible to: its students.

This, along with some other events and conversations, has got me thinking about the role that Community Council plays in the student body.

Think about it. Community Council is supposed to be able to “represent the students.” Yet would anyone ever dream of Council being able to advocate for student interests on these issues?

Since last spring I have been a member of Community Council. I have researched a good deal of the history of student governance at Hampshire. I am well-acquainted with what we the Council do and how we function. I will be the first to congratulate Council and its subcommittees when we do something good, like organizing Spring Jam or providing money to the Greenhouse and the EMTs.

However, somewhat aggrieving to me is Council’s perceived function. As of now, Council is seen less as a voice of the students, and more as a body that can throw money at projects - and not much else. While we can blame student apathy, lack of information, or current members of Council, I have become convinced that there is something ineffective about the structure of Council itself.

Community Council, while it is supposed to serve as a

voice of the students, really has no power as an organization to do so. It has no more pull within the power structures of the school than any other group of students; it just has some extra money and a vague sense of “representation” based on the fact that the members are elected.

Limiting Council’s official jurisdiction are its subcommittees, which cover every job from distributing student group money, to funding and organizing events, to improving physical spaces on campus. Any job which falls to any of these groups does not even go through Council. Council has delegated away all of its own power.

A new model must be proposed for Council. In order for Council to be such that students are committed to and involved in its processes, it must have the power to act as a lobbying group for student interests. A new model would have to give Council more power to make high-level administrative decisions. It would also have to encourage more integration among the subcommittees and Council.

If this sounds like a pipe dream, listen to this: there already exists a body of students, elected by the students, which has a huge amount of pull within the administration. The student representatives to the Board of Trustees and its subcommittees hold true, institutionalized power. They can deliver a message directly to the top, bypassing even the president. As the student representative to the Finance Committee, I can make motions related to the budget, and my vote is worth the same as any stodgy old Trustee’s.

Unfortunately, there also exist many problems with this form of student representation. Many student representatives to the Board of Trustees get themselves elected, never attend a single meeting, and then add it as a line on their résumé. No one really keeps track of who they are, and therefore they often receive very little input from the students.

They also exist in isolation from one another. Unless they take the initiative to contact each other, student representatives work alone; thus students don't present a very strong front within the Board. The power of student representatives is rarely well-utilized.

So essentially, Hampshire College holds two elections every year, both to pick a group of students who are supposed to represent us, neither of which do a very good job.

My proposal is this: let's combine the two.

Our 8 student representatives to the Board of Trustees should serve as our student representatives in every sense. Our student representatives would convene regularly to decide on a student agenda which they could work to push through the Board of Trustees, taking suggestions from the student body at large and from student interest groups. Community Council would be able to lobby the administration on things that matter, like how much money Lemelson is getting or what Hampshire's future academic structure will look like. And it wouldn't require us to ask the school to give Council any more power. We already have a significant amount of power, and this is the model that would allow us to best harness it.

Elections would also be a lot more interesting: In the current Community Council, 6 of the elected members run "at-large" while 6 run as housing based representatives. As of yet, no one has figured out what it means to represent by housing. There is no inherent specialization of the roles of anyone in Council.

In my model for Community Council, every member would have a special area of focus and expertise, like "Student Representative to the Academic Affairs Committee", or "COCD Chair". Elections would be more serious, rigorous and meaningful, and involve a lot less rhetorical bullshit. Instead of "I will make Council more transparent and involved with the community at large blah blah blah" you would have, "As the student representative to the Committee on Student Life, I would work with the student representative to the Finance Committee to increase financial support for the EMT program."

This would also allow elections to be consolidated. Fewer elections equals fewer rounds of voting and less need for posterity... and with fewer rounds of voting, there would probably be more student participation in our unified annual student election.

What I'm proposing really isn't very radical. Council would serve all the same functions it serves now, but would also serve as a lobbying group for student interests that actually has the power to get shit done. With the Government Task Force convening to discuss these very issues, I think it would be great for other students to share new ideas for making Council a better governing body.

Please send me your comments, critiques or proposals at [cew08@hampshire.edu](mailto:cew08@hampshire.edu) (or just respond in the next Omen). 

## observed in the wild by Justin Kahn



Web  [Show options...](#)

Did you mean: ["when is it open?"](#)

[When's It Open?](#)

[When's It Open?](#) A listing of hours of operation for campus offices, buildings, and centers for academic year 2008/09. Does not include holiday schedules. [www.hampshire.edu/studentlife/9055.htm](http://www.hampshire.edu/studentlife/9055.htm) - [Cached](#) - [Similar](#)

RUTH SCOTT  
THEOLOGIAN, BIOGRAPHER, BROADCASTER, INTERNATIONAL PEACEWORKER  
TRANSFORMING VIOLENCE AND TRAUMA THROUGH STORYTELLING AND RECONCILIATION  
OCTOBER 25–27 2009

## event announcement from Bob Meagher

“Ruth Scott is an Anglican priest, writer and broadcaster who works increasingly with groups in conflict situations using storytelling as part of the peace-building process. For the last 15 years she has been a regular contributor to the UK's most listened to Radio program, 'Wake up to Wogan' on BBC Radio 2, and to Radio 2's 'Good Morning Sunday'. She has written many documentary programs and drama pieces for BBC World Service. She lectures internationally on interfaith and conflict transformation issues. She has written three books. The most recent is, *Give a Boy a Gun: from killing to peace-making*. Written with the subject of the book, Alistair Little, it tells of one man's journey into extreme violence and beyond it to working internationally with the victims and perpetrators of political conflict. With Alistair, Ruth has run storytelling workshops for prison inmates, asylum seekers who are all HIV positive and have multiple rape as part of their histories, and men and women in conflict situations. Most recently they ran the workshop for Israelis and Palestinians who have lost one or more relatives in the Middle East conflict. This summer, as a Winston Churchill Memorial Trust Fellow, Ruth spent six weeks in Israel and the West Bank researching transformative relationships across that conflict divide. She worked with Israeli ex-soldiers and Palestinian ex-fighters, bereaved families, human rights organizations, and individuals living in extreme circumstances. Ruth also works as a chaplain, and in her spare time she eats fire.”

### SCHEDULE OF EVENTS • RUTH SCOTT

#### SUNDAY OCTOBER 25

##### CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, SPRINGFIELD

10:00am Preaching, Eucharist

11:00am Discussion, Christ Church Cathedral Forum

12:15pm Preaching, Spanish service

##### GRACE CHURCH, AMHERST

6:00pm Preaching, Contemplative Eucharist

7–8:30pm Discussion, Grace Church Forum

#### MONDAY OCTOBER 26

##### HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE, AMHERST

10:30–11:50am Tutorial: The Divine Feminine • ASH  
112

4:30–6:00pm “Stories and Rituals of Forgiveness” • Faculty Lounge, Franklin Patterson Hall

6:00–7:00pm Book signing/reception • Faculty Lounge

#### • Franklin Patterson Hall

7:00–9:00pm: Film, *FIVE MINUTES OF HEAVEN*, and response • Main

Lecture Hall FPH, free admission, open to public

#### TUESDAY OCTOBER 27

##### HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE, AMHERST

3:30–5:00: Interactive Workshop (lecture/demonstration) • “Transforming

Violence through Story-telling” • Recital Hall, MDB

YELLOW SOFA CAFE, 24 MAIN STREET, NORTHAMPTON

7:00pm Presentation and Discussion of Ruth Scott's recent work as a Winston Churchill Memorial Trust Fellow in Israel and the West bank. Free admission, open to public

# SECTION

## womanandpoetclosereadingfuck.doc

by Cassandra de Alba

*I would like to submit this fine example of my writing process to the omen, in lieu of actually turning it in for class, which seems like a bad idea.*

Cassandra de Alba

10/9/09

HACU 2XX

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, written for her husband Robert Browning, are some of the most highly regarded love poems of all time. Sonnet XXII, which begins, "When our two souls stand up erect and strong," is an impassioned declaration of undying love. Which is strange, since it's really about pterodactyls. If you've ever seen pterodactyl porn, that shit's fucked up. What I'm saying is that EBB was kind of a freak. This is my thesis statement, and I am sticking with it.

According to Wikipedia, pterodactyls are actually called pterosaurs. Fuck you Microsoft Word, Wikipedia is not a misspelling. And fuck you academic standards, I'll confirm my facts on Wikipedia if I damn well want to. Anyway, Sonnet XXII (and why didn't she give them titles? Didn't she realize that someday people who just really wanted to get fucked up on a Thursday night would have to write papers about her goddamn poetry and it would make it easier on them if she *titled her fucking poems?*) is about how her soul is a pterodactyl, and Robert Browning's soul is also a pterodactyl. The repetition of the word "soul" throughout her sonnets is indicative of the fact that people didn't realize what a vague and annoying word it was in 1850.

Basically, Sonnet XXII starts with a description of her and her younger boy-toy standing around, their pterodactyl souls communing, "drawing nigh and nigher" (2). I'm assuming this means they're about to make out. Then, "the lengthening wings break into fire/at either curved point"

(3-4). Of course, the fire she is referencing is merely metaphorical; if her and Robert Browning's batlike wings caught fire every time they got too close to each other, she would have eventually just been all "fuck it" and gone back to be an invalid on Wimpole Street. The "fire" in Sonnet XXII is a poetic representation of their burning prehistoric love.

The poem then moves into a meditation on love after death, and whether or not pterodactyls actually get into heaven, even highly advanced pterodactyls who have learned to speak English like Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning. One of the details many biographers of the famous couple fail to mention is that their love was forbidden not because of EBB's father's tyranny, but because he didn't want to let his daughter out of the house so everyone could see that he had a deformed pterodactyl child. Luckily, Robbie (we're on page two, so I feel like I know him well enough to use his nickname) read some of the poems that she distributed to publishers when she flew stealthily out of the house at night, realized that she too was of the pterosaur persuasion, and they made plans to elope.

But the world was not ready for such a love. Pterosaurs at the time typically went to great lengths to live as normal humans, but EBB (pronounced like "ebb") and Robbie didn't care if the world judged them. Sonnet XXII was poorly received upon its publication due to its pterodactyl content, and is only now being dragged out of obscurity by the burgeoning online "Furry" community.

This is not to say that EBB and Robbie were the kind of weirdos who went to conventions and slept with people wearing bunny suits. They were real-life, honest-to-God, fur-covered pterodactyls, and it shows in their work. Especially in Sonnet XXII, which is the topic of this paper, unfortunately. 

# Why Spam Matters

## Or: The treacherous joy of real blazing june

## Or: FUCK YOU, OMEN

### by Maggie Cobb

Dear Omen,

Fuck you.

Fuck you, and your progeny, and your progeny's womb spawn, and your progeny's womb spawn's sperm torpedoes, and your face.

I submitted this article at the end of last year. I attended the final layout meeting of the Spring of 2009, which was incidentally only the second Omen layout I'd ever attended, the first being at the beginning of the Fall of 2007. Yeah, sorry about that.

But I'm not really sorry, no. Why? Because later that week, when I picked up the year's final issue of the Omen, eager to see my searing and brilliant words in print, I found those words conspicuously absent from the magazine.

What could have led to this unconscionable omission? Was it a simple printing error? Did Alex Wenchel deliberately leave it out because he secretly hates me? (I strongly suspect this to be true since it's a well-known fact that Alex Wenchel murders puppies in his free time—don't be fooled by those doey eyes.)<sup>1</sup>

Whatever the reason, I do not know and perhaps I never will, so I offer up a hearty FUCK YOU to the Omen in addition to the resubmission of my glorious article, with some (many) alterations to account for the time that has passed since I originally wrote it.

Love and snuggles,

Maggie

---

1 The Author would like to note her awareness of the fact that Alex Wenchel, despite the views expressed herein, is actually a Decent Human Being who prefers to give puppies hugs, rather than gaping stab wounds. Sorry, bro.

This is the story of an article that was never written.

This is an article about all the articles I've intended to write for the Omen all year, but that I never got around to.

[No, wait, you know what, fuck it. People are pissed at Hexter, people are pissed at people who are pissed at Hexter, people are pissed at Pub Safety, there's probably someone out there who has found some reason to be pissed at Roberta, and no-fucking-body wants to hear me pontificate about Deathfest and Division II and all that crap. I'm just going to ctrl + A and delete all the crap I rambled on about in my original exposition and skip straight to the point: Literary analysis.]

Instead, I'll share some of the spam email I've been getting lately! I've gotten several that are oddly beautiful and poetic, like some work of literature that was passed through Babelfish a few times.

First, "Mitchell" sent me an email with the subject line, "Why Women Loove A Big Penis":

*Anguish that streamed down his face. At such times and foedora must be forgotten i must cure myself. In obedience to his very nature he casts an equal and akrura also of mighty arms, say unto me! What showers of arrows his antagonist's steeds and of a (new) yuga, creates prakriti (primordial) i would go a great way to see such a phenomenon. satins? Or was it that ignis fatuus that treacherous joy of the real blazing june! Tell me about it? Drona alone for piercing his host, like a mighty but beyng drawnen of a respecte, that thei have vegetable soup, and stella hurried back and forth like a wowned bird. Send up a charge o' buck these people will continue to commit murder on.*

With a little careful analysis, it's easy to see how the body of this email fits with the subject line. When the narrative opens, the hero is shedding tears of anguish and desires a cure for some unnamed affliction—clearly, his penis is too small and has suffered for it. A few lines later we see "showers of arrows" and "his antagonist's steeds," which are obviously in reference to the much larger penises of our heroes' rival, who may have stolen away his beloved. "I would go a great way to see such a phenomenon": the rival has a RE-

ALLY big penis. “Satins?” refers to the sheets upon which the well-endowed rival will lie with the beloved, a worthy bed for “piercing his host,” as we see later on. (Bow chicka wow wow!) Finally, “thei [sic] have vegetable soup, and stella hurried back and forth” is indicative of the comfortable domestic life enjoyed by a man with a big penis who is able to secure a woman. But there are still those who are willing to “commit murder” for want of a big penis.

Next I received “The Art of Seducing a Woman—the DDirty Little Secret of Seduction Revealed,” from “Laticia”:

*Mongrels under the rude form on which i sat they character of the soul and that which is called. My heart to tell y ou so but if you knew what i the interpreter told us was lyin' out there. The for the soldiers sang them over and over, and me, yet i was loath to quarrel with this boyish they'd only be talking themselves into a state the waves rose as giant foes ready to attack. Man's heart is, so doth he speak! Thou art speaking never reached the courts. and the legal standards the countess interposed. Such hospitality! at many and fair. Oh, yes, i've had glimpses of those will if they're anything like my lot in the mechanical instead of asking him who had only a few kine.*

The first several lines of this piece seem to describe those who do not know how to seduce a woman, the so-called “mongrels under the rude form.” The narrator doesn’t know how, either, wishing in his “heart to tell you so” but unable to find a way, needing an interpreter to translate his feelings into adequate forms of seduction. We then find soldiers—soldiers and warriors, of course, being the epitome of manhood—who “sang them over and over,” practicing their seductive arts through music (evoking, perhaps, the Biblical tale of David, who “wooed” the insomniac king to sleep with his songs). Yet the narrator is “loath to quarrel,” clearly feeling inadequate and impotent in the face of the soldiers’ sexual prowess and reluctant to infringe upon their territory. The soldiers have no problems expressing their feelings (“Man’s heart is, so doth he speak!”) but the narrator, who seems to be a courtier with his eye on the countess, is unable to find this ability within himself—his own “art of speaking never reached the court.” And however hospitable this great lady is towards him, she may never know how much he adores her, because he remains “mechanical,” robotic, in her presence. It’s quite sad, really.

Finally I was sent “Tip ffor Great Sex,” from the de-

lightfully named “Brabston”:

*You always were a hopeless scamp. But, she add-  
ed, was a pause, and then doctor carver said quietly.  
The restaurant in the bois de boulogne. He must think my  
brother believed the story? He always redress of private  
wrongs was only held in check it while we were still in  
sight of the gate, for britomart. Yes: go away. If you will do noth-  
ing all about the romance, i say, and the educational a storm like  
this enough to account for people are the police still no, they've  
gone for the the millionaire. I am much obliged to you. (Goby.  
Match).If you don't, lady brocklehurst, lord said nurse hopkins.  
Poirot extracted various details upon meeting his wife and pick-  
ing a quarrel with.*

It’s clear from the beginning of this tale that the focus is upon a couple who already enjoy a healthy and fulfilling sex life. The lady affectionately calls her lover a “hopeless scamp,” and they go off together for trips in the “Bois de Boulogne.” (Perhaps secret forays, indicated by the hope that a possibly disapproving brother “believed the story.”) Someone, the brother, we might assume, has experienced “private wrongs” and must check upon his sibling’s intentions even when their journey is barely underway (“while we were still in sight of the gate”). The connection between the lovers is ambiguous—it is an affair, perhaps, and the police might get involved. Perhaps the lady involved is married to Poirot, who clearly suspects something, as he tries to “[extract] various details upon meeting his wife and picking a quarrel with” her. The overall message, then, appears to be that the best sex is clandestine. Extramarital affairs ftw!

All these are very interesting pieces, and stand testament to the fact that spam email, commonly considered invasive, lewd, and unwanted, has underlying themes of love and beauty. Much of it is tragic—we have a man who has lost his lover to a man with a larger penis; another who is unable to speak to his beloved to tell her of his feelings; and finally a couple who must run around in secret and tell lies to hide their trysts. These stories are the antithesis of what spam email is usually advertising, and I think they’ve been sent out to warn us of the horrible suffering that might occur if we do not heed the messages of regular spam emails. We must listen, and duly enlarge our genitalia, and follow their directions for hotter and longer fucking. I, for one, plan to pay more attention to my spam in the future, and I advise you to do the same. It might save you from a lifetime of celibacy and heartache. 

# The Physicist's Polar Bear

## by David Axel Kurtz

for Lindsay, Kristian, and every other bad influence who wanted me to write something called "The Physicist's Polar Bear" for The Omen.

and - for great justice.

Inside his lantern  
 An honest man searches  
 Looking for truth  
 And other researches  
 This little man  
 This new Diogenes  
 Reels back and lurches  
 And falls to his knees  
 Stares out and stutters  
 Stares in and shudders  
 Closes his eyes  
 Finally sighs  
 Sits there and mutters  
 The worlds are his churches  
 And his faith flutters

He's broken the lantern  
 Uncaged its flame  
 They call it progress  
 They praise and they bless  
 They give him its fame  
 But he takes the blame  
 They honor his name  
 He'd rather the blame

What is he chased by?  
 Some mass of fire?  
 But why did he make then  
 So wondrous a pyre?  
 Or is his nightmare  
 Which drives him beyond  
 Something less burning  
 In fire all turning  
 Some coldly burning

fin du monde?  
 Is it some arctic beast  
 Padding on snow  
 White fur and white eyes  
 And ice all below  
 A heated fog driving  
 From out of his nose  
 As it goes diving  
 Through the cold wind that blows  
 Is this what chased him  
 To hide in the flames?  
 Is this what raced him  
 To the world's great acclaims?  
 He thought he'd escape it  
 In his nuclear age  
 But unstopped its driving  
 Nor muted its rage

Broken in spirit  
 Lacking tautology  
 Cannot get near it  
 So turns to philosophy  
 His own discovery  
 His voice decries  
 This his recovery  
 A grand reprise  
 Of all of his efforts  
 A war he does wage  
 To get all that flame  
 Back in its cage  
 But this little man  
 Thin-faced Diogenes  
 Now that Japan  
 (And the world, to a man)  
 Has gone to its knees  
 Is now a Prometheus  
 No! he says. Lies!  
 Atomic Prometheus  
 He sits down and cries  
 And it sits on his shoulders  
 Quite where it should lie  
 This triumph he sought for  
 Leaves him but to sigh

-after poster for The Omen, 2009

## Rats!

### submitted by Kristian Brevik

From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Tue, Sep 22, 2009 at 1:17 PM

To: Danielle H—

Ahoy,

My friend e-mailed you yesterday about picking up rats, and he is at school at Peninsula College today, without internet access. I am wondering if I could have your phone number to send to him, and also to let you know that he gets out of class at 3:40.

Kristian

-----

From: Danielle H—

Date: Tue, Sep 22, 2009 at 1:19 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Ok number is 5555555 so 4 he could come by?

-----

From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Tue, Sep 22, 2009 at 1:55 PM

To: Danielle H—

I let him know, I think four works for him - he says you have adult males and fuzzies? How old are the fuzzies?

kristian

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Tue, Sep 22, 2009 at 2:16 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

oh I have a batch that is like 4 weeks and another that is three weeks they eat and drink on there own now. how many you think you want?

Date: Tue, 22 Sep 2009 10:55:00 -0700

Subject: Re: rats!

From: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Hotmail: Free, trusted and rich email service. [Get it now.](#)

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From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Tue, Sep 22, 2009 at 2:44 PM

To: Danielle H—

What colors do you have in the four and three-week

olds?

kristian

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Tue, Sep 22, 2009 at 2:57 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Also i live on 617 south peabody and dose he have something to carry them in? like a box or anything? anyhow hope to see you guys!

Date: Tue, 22 Sep 2009 11:44:50 -0700

Bing brings you health info from trusted sources. [Try it now!](#)

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Tue, Sep 22, 2009 at 3:10 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Umm solid like tan black hooded black spotted And carmel And white

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From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 1:13 PM

To: Danielle H—

So I think Corvus is going to come by after class to pick up many more rats, if you are around. Is 4 good? Kristian

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 2:15 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Yeah that's fine how many more dose he want? What made u guys want more

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 2:47 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

He can take all of them if u he wants of the babies

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From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 4:19 PM

To: Danielle H—

Sounds good to me. Do you have any solid colors?

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 4:50 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Yeah solid like carmel ones. U guys wasnt And adult males I have so many. So he's coming today

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From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 5:03 PM

To: Danielle H—

Adult males would be great.

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 5:13 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Well let I'm know u can have whatever u wasnt I have a solid brown male

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 5:24 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Is he coming today?

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From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 5:34 PM

To: Danielle H—

I think so, he says he is coming at 4.

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 5:51 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

Ok do u know how many more u are going to take

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 5:51 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

How many are u guys going to take

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From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 6:03 PM

To: Danielle H—

I think all you have left, if that is okay. Corvus needs a box

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From: Danielle H—  
Sent from Gmail for mobile | [mobile.google.com](http://mobile.google.com)

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 6:04 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

How many more rats u guys want

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 6:07 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

All of just the babies or u guys want some adult males to? I don't have anything to put them in he's will have to bring something so what u guys have planned for all of them ?

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 6:17 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

How are the others u got

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 6:26 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

If he needs to he can come get them when in town next. And then he could bring a box

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Thu, Sep 24, 2009 at 8:00 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

So your friend didn't want to take any adult male rats

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From: Danielle H—

Date: Fri, Sep 25, 2009 at 7:05 PM

To: [Kristian Brevik](#)

So hows the rats

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From: Kristian Brevik

Date: Fri, Sep 25, 2009 at 8:52 PM

To: Danielle H—

cute!

## Generic Omen Article

### by Jordan Persson

My fellow beings who have been freed from oppressive things such as grades/pronouns/showers, I write you today to inform you of a grave injustice/great evil/real pisser that is occurring in our very own campus/bubble/circlejerk. Our president, Ralph Hexter, recently went against Hampshire's very founding principles when he suggested change/tried to make the college some money/bought something from Wal-Mart. This ridiculous and insensitive act, if left unopposed, could turn our school into exactly what it was meant not to be/a hotbed of devilry/UMass. For further proof of this, I invite you to e-mail me/attend my discourse/read Plato.

Yes, my friends>equals/holders of moral high ground, we have the opportunity to make Hampshire history by standing up for what is right/noble/trendy. Only by making our voices heard and letting those in charge know that we will not stand for such travesties/antics/heinous fuckery will we create justice. Only by speaking out/putting up poorly written flyers/buggering around Northampton can we make sure the truth is known. I encourage all of you to not sit idly and accept everything the administration says, but instead to do your research/question authority/accept everything I say.

As a wise wo/man/mentor/fortune cookie once said, it is only with truth and unity that we can achieve Nirvana/Pearl Jam/Soundgarden. 

## Things I've Learned During My First Two Months at Hampshire (or, a first year's perspective, part 2)

### by Rachel Ithen

\* Going to dinner at SAGA at 5:00 leaves you hungry at 9:00. Go later, be willing to use up your money for the Bridge, or hoard snacks in your room. I prefer the last option.

\* Step outside in the morning or test the temperature on your balcony. Or check the Intranet the night before. Sunny does not imply warm. I've learned this the hard way.

\* Essays do not get any easier the longer you wait to write them.

\* Start getting your comforters and extra blankets out. Unless, of course, you're like me, and you live in a room with a broken heater that has been blasting immense amounts of heat since the day you moved in. In that case, host slumber parties for the poor souls who still don't have heat.

\* All of those personal reading books I brought and stored on the shelf next to my bed may have to wait a few more months to get read.

\* From what I can tell, there's a radio show going on in Yurt almost constantly. Walking to a 10:30 AM class at the Writing Center is made so much better hearing music wafting from there.

\* An amazing way to spend a weekend: learning how to juggle clubs, battling off evil knights in the woods with foam swords, and sitting down to watch a few episodes of *Samurai Jack*. You know, if that's the kind of thing you're into. ... which I am.

\* F4 is an awesome hall. J

\* Duplications... they are your friend. 80 pages to print for a class in three days? No printer? Not willing to pay ten cents a page? E-mail duplications. Cheaper, better, awesome-er.

\* Put M&Ms (or other candy bits) at the bottom of your soft serve cone. Yes, before you add the ice cream itself. It will (possibly) change your life. Be creative with other foods in SAGA, too. For instance, the waffle/soft serve ice cream sandwich.

\* The halls in Dakin have the perfect distance between walls for learning how to unicycle.

\* 10:30 AM classes are still way too early for those of us who aren't morning people.

\* Even ladybugs can be terrifying. 

**If it is not yet 6pm, Saturday, October 24th, 2009,  
remember that**

**Deathfest**  
**is at 6pm on Saturday, October 24th, 2009**  
**in the Main Lecture Hall.**

**Roll a d20.**

**Add your modifier.**

**Die.**

## Notes